Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post
AND BULLETIN;
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Bulletin, No. 288. PHILADELPHIA, MAY 11, 1833. Vol. XIII.—Whole No. 615.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 12 HUDSONS ALLEY,
A few doors South of 112 Chesnut street.
TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
$ 3 00, if not paid during the year.
$ 3 50, if not paid during the year.
$ 1 00, for six months.
Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher unless previously due.
☞ Small sums of Subscr Bucks, excepting Bucks of Small Notes, current in this city, will be received at par.
☞ Letters, enclosing subscription, &c. to be post paid, received at our office for subscriptions, &c. to be post paid.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
THE CHEROKEE'S FAREWELL.

Sung previous to their departure from their native country.

No deep sound bell, on funeral knell,
Shall attend when I am dead;
By stars and blue waters I shall make my grave,
Where the sea-gull roams and the waters rave
The white moon and flood.

Ye shall have no deep where the mermaids weep,
As they ride o'er the rolling billow;
And the yeas of the sea shall be my dirge,
And the coral shall weave from the chief's black verge,
Our sad and rocky pillow.

Let no hammer be used to drive the cold bed,
In jesoil nor the lonely spot;
Let no sculptured stone, with a flattering tone,
Describe our virtues and doings, that flew have known,
But let them be forgot.

But I ask, in truth, from the friends of my youth,
When my last hour comes to be,
That no hostile foot, or my cold, cold bier,
From those that I loved when life was dear,
May ever soon my bosom.

OMEGA.
April, 1833.

Written for the Casket.
TO CHARLOTTE.—The Christian's Prospect.
By J. N. M'Jilton.

When Moses on Mount Nebo stood,
And gaz'd upon the promis'd land,
Divided once by the flood
Of Jordan, from the pilgrim band—

He saw the hills of Judah rise,
And bathe their tops in living light,
That proved like glory from the skies,
In golden volumes, pure and bright.

The promis'd land—the blest abode,
The home of Israel's tired race,
A land of refuge rear'd by God,
For Abram's seed's resting place.

Canaan's of pleasant fields to view,
And gaz'd until he's eye grew dim!
He knew, in Canaan's hard line,
That home was not prepar'd for him.

Two hallow'd homes, the high seer view'd,
One on the far bend hung,
While o'er another Jordan' stood,
The Canaan of eternal rest.

For far beyond the dark stream's wave,
Moses' prophetic eye saw arise;
While deathless spirits sought to save
Their friends and the throned Skies.

He by prophetic light survey'd,
The glories of his future home;
And while the mortal form was to be stayed,
His rapt soul rested on the dome.

The Jordan stream that roll'd about,
The Hebrew host present to meet;
Je heard not when both he and they
Should never wet his hallow'd feet.

The aged seer, the heav'nly theme
Acknowledged, and rejoiced in his heart;
'Twas done! the only Jordan stream,
Our winds the reptiles round, was death.

The patriarch's soul in heighten'd ecstasy,
While kneeling by his maker's side—
He rais'd his eyes up to his throne,
And gaz'd upon the Canaan bright.

Who would not climb a hero top?
And draw he manna's heaving high?
The promis'd land, like Moses view—
Like Moses, on that Nebo die.

What though, o'er earthly Jordan's tide,
He saw the glories of the land?
And Saints of nations, spreading wide,
And knew that there was not his hand.

By faith, a conqueror he died—
He claim'd o'er heav'n's ascension's height;
And died to meet the glory there,
Of accomplished hope.

Who would not leave the world behind,
And seek a Jordan and a grave;
Plunge fearless the flood of death,
A land of rest beyond its wave!

"The Jordan of death."—Bible.

From the Casket.

THE DESERTER.

"Stanford's heart was capable of being touched. He first got his sniper in his concealment. He even doubted whether his adversary was not a countryman of the first to save the youth."—*Castle of Otranto.*

Travelling leisurely along the road from Philadelphia, in the fall of 1824, I arrived, late in the evening, on foot as usual; the sun was throwing his last rays on the tops of the distant hills, and a richly decorated and dense bank of clouds which hung over the landscape down the Schuylkill, intimated a storm in the course of the night in the old tavern, called "*The Bull's Head*," near Valley Forge, and recommendations he what they might. Nights beyond my power to number, but I slept in the western parlour, with a blaze of wood fire a-piling, and the foliage of the trees for coverings," and surely, by and by, I'm not, I'm a wanderer, I must spend a night in the Bull's Head—classic ground," thought I, and I called upon the tavern-keeper, to order a supper, by glancing down a valley towards the Schuylkill, caught the view of a white farm house, and with a few strokes, and only seen in part through the luxurious growth of ornamental trees, I was at the door, was welcomed and enveloped. Full half a mile from the road, it appeared a retreat, over which peace had thrown its mantle, not to cease but to protect natural and moral beauty.

"Hospitality dwells in that mansion," whispered a voice, coming from my own heart; "perhaps to-morrow, and to-day, I may be on my way this, to lodge at the Bull's Head." My steps had led me some distance down the lane, before the friendly children of the house saw me. On my approach, the picture became more inviting. In the opposite direction, the sun had set, and the decreasing shades of evening, and their rosy relief, discovered a group of children at play, dancing to the house. In the piazza were seated a man and woman, both rather past the meridian of life; and, pointed out by the former, at a distance from them sate a man white with years, but with that character of a venerable old man, whose river which so strongly and distinctively depicts the aged remains of a fine human being, and which very few of a fine home dog, with a bark which seems at a kind of welcome, announced my approach. I was at the door of the happy family of years; my man, who was holding the gate open after I passed it, said,

"Your house, friend," said I, "has lured me from the road." And I thought I studied the stile of the house in built precisely to put off my visit to the Bull's Head.

"Some friend of my household gave the address," said he, smiling, as he most cordially led me into the piazza, and introduced me to the aged one, and to the noisy group I had seen coming across the meadow. In a few minutes I felt myself at home, and was treated as one of the most expressive modes of welcome than by words.

Night had closed, and we were sitting down to a very decent supper, when my eye caught an uncommon appearance of scars in embroidery. The human faces, done in water colors, were remarkably striking. The figures, although figures were, an elderly military officer of very commanding appearance; at the right stood another man little less imposing, but less aged, and in the full costume of a member of the society of Friends; before them stood a very young and most beautiful woman, with a child in her arms; behind the general and the Quaker stood a group of military officers; whilst to the left of the general, and behind the woman, stood a very young and interesting man, over whose head appeared the figure of Hope bearing from a splendid crown, a young agitation seemed to be the prevailing expression of the piece. The general evinced hesitation; the old Quaker was pointing to the child rather than to the mother. The countenance of the latter showed at once the conflict of fear, hope, and every emotion which could torture the heart of a mother and wife. Every eye in the whole group around him was fixed on the face of the general, with the utmost stretch of anxiety, as if life and death hung upon the words he seemed ready to pronounce.

I could not keep my eye from the canvass; and from the position in which it was the light fell advantageously on the figures. I know not whether during the supper, or before retiring to rest, my host observed that my attention was particularly excited; but as the evening succeeded, my curiosity increased, and I hardly slept as the rays of the rising sun fell direct upon them, I was surprised by my host's early speaking man, as I was again internally examining the canvass. denied groups.

"You have told us," said the old gentleman, "that you are one of those travellers who seek information on the spot, and who delight in interesting works of man, and the yet still more important workings of the human heart. You seem to be struck with that piece."

"It is in an extraordinary manner well executed," I replied. "If not an improper request, I would be glad to be made acquainted with the subject."

"On one condition," replied the old man, "your curiosity can be gratified."

"Name it," I interrupted hastily.

Without directly replying, the old gentleman opened a boarding desk, from which he produced a printed pamphlet, and handing it to me, he then said, "Read that, and return it to me before you assemble over the hills about Valley Forge and Radnor." I found that the pamphlet contained these sheets will inform you who the characters were who are represented by those figures."

As soon as I had finished it, the old gentleman putting on a white broad brimmed and low crowned hat, seized a many cudgel, and we sallied forth to enjoy one of the finest scenes of landscape in the neighbourhood, from every associating circumstance the views changed, and succession by before us, the valley of Schuylkill in both directions, with the hills on the one side, and romantic valley of Perkiomen. We had ranged over the most whereas from the Schuylkill to the forlorn hope of human liberty, spent the dreadful winter which exposed it to every privation and every hardship; visited the British army, under Howe, was enjoying the luxury of a city in Philadelphia, and had returned to rest and enrich I found my guide a perfect master; and before my friendship was sealed, we had reached a very retired spot in a small wood between contiguous farms, with a fine pure fountain.

"This is not the first time I have sat down at this spring with some of the best and bravest men, as he threw from his pocket a small bottle of wine, which some how his thoughts had gone we must rest and refresh ourselves; and also, I must request you to look over the pamphlet before, which seemed to give you so strong an interest."

To this arrangement I most willingly consented, and our wine and provisions being dispensed of, and seating ourselves on the grass, with a tree for the back of his chair, displayed his charming and expressive countenance.

The diamond is hard to cut; but the imprint once made, it is difficult to efface; the motto and gem are to last a thousand years." Such, my friend, are hearts of such composition, that like the diamond every impression is indelible, and the existence of the bosom in which its pulses beat. There are again minds, which, however active in other respects, cannot or will not, if once delinded in any pursuit, risk their happiness or peace on a card which they have not tried with snares. Those beings are cast amongst their fellow men as pitiable objects, not that they are strangers in a strange land. Their thoughts are never at rest, and they are ever subject in its mighty and fervent bosom their forever last treasures. Such a man was Lieutenant Stanford.

Stanford was before the opening of the American Revolutionary War came to Chester county a stranger, and like Moses, "knew not Joseph." He was an Englishman, about thirty years of age, of rather prepossessing appearance, and manners, but was wealthy, and purchased a farm. In succession to his wife and children, he shut up his books. His mother would not sought society, but proving the business of his farm as if he had not known a single soul. Many of the gossips, of both sexes, thought him a mysterious being; but what he was, or from whence he came, that one the following notes on his history were obtained.

The family of Lahan Hillman, if not noble, reached the margin of aristocracy; were wealthy, and were the envy of many of the first of the man himself, "This might be said, without vanity, as we were a family of some note in Ireland."—"The Jordan of death."—Bible.

Wealthy Lahan Hillman was a very distinguished officer in the seven years war, and served under the Marquis of Granby in Germany. He was a brave officer, and a humane man. He married with two infant children. On his return to his native country, Hillman purchased property, and was a widower, and his son and daughter had attained maturity. The death of his daughter, since of his once joyous mansion, the tool of a woman he adored, and his two bereaved children, were the objects of the heart of Lahan Hillman. Mirth, joy, and gladness, were for a time banished; his self with a small property, and with the habits of a wealthy officer, the gloom gradually wore away from his mansion, and

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, May 11.

Appointments by the Governor.

Robert C. Hayes, of Columbia county, to be Judge of the District Court of the county of Columbia.

Alexander L. Hayes, to be Judge of the District Court of the city and county of Lancaster.

Thomas Ross, to be Recorder of Domestic Deeds in the borough of Washington and the county of Washington, vice Wm. Hamilton, deceased.

CHESTER COUNTY.

John W. Cummings, Prothonotary and Clerk of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer.

Nimrod Strickland, Register of Wills.

Robert Ralston, Recorder of Deeds.

George Parke Ingram, Clerk Orphans' Court.

Appointment by the Attorney General.

Robert F. Fenniken, to be Deputy Attorney General for Fayette county.

Bank dividends for the last six months.

Commercial Bank, 4 pr ct.	Southwark,	5 do.
Mechanics' do.	Ins. Co. Philadelphia,	5 do.
Kensington,	Schuylkill,	4 do.
Girard,	Manufac. & Mech.	3 do.
Farmers & Mech.	do.	4 do.

CUMBERLAND AND DELAWARE CANAL—During the week ending on Friday, there have passed through the canal at Easton, the following boats:

From the Chesapeake	94—coal. 169
Former report,	75
Whole number this season	244

Arrival of the Baltimore Railroad Line—On Saturday at half past two o'clock,

On Monday at five minutes past one,

On Monday at five minutes past two,

On Tuesday at half past two o'clock,

On Wednesday at half past two o'clock,

cars reached the depot in Baltimore, 7 hours 23 minutes, 7 hours 23 minutes, 7 hours 23 minutes, 7 hours 23 minutes.

INSURRECTION OF NEGRO PRISONERS—At a meeting of the Inspectors of the Prison, held on Monday evening, the following officers were appointed for the ensuing six months:

President—William G. Alexander.

Secretary—Adam Workpeat.

Attorney—James Hutchinson.

Physician—Dr. Thomas Harris.

Keeper of the Arch-Street Prison—Jacob Reisher.

THE OLD MOCKTAILOR, OR THE HEROES OF WAS-HINGTON—This huge animal is now in the city, and will be exhibited for a few days at Washington Hall. He was raised in Wyoming township, Bedford county, Pa. Dr. Sch. Dr. Schultz, of Bedford, killed him on the 14th of next month, and measures six feet around the body, the tusks are 2 feet 6 inches in length. When live you could, he weighed about 3200 pounds and at the time of measurement, although thin, this year, was supposed to weigh 3 or 3500 pounds more. His age is not known, but he was captured in twenty days, has somewhat reduced his weight.

SURPRISING NEWS—An action was brought in the Court of Common Pleas, No. 2, this morning, for the sum of 20 dollars, against Ald. J. E. Peters, by Myrtle H. Richards, a lady, residing in the neighborhood of said Peters, for being a candidate for Alderman in the Ninth Ward. The ground of the claim was a decision given by Alderman Peters, in a barber's shop, that he would give five dollars a day for the services of any one who would assist during the canvass; and that the plaintiff, in consequence, did, during eight days, canvass the ward, and called for the money, for which service he claimed the promised per diem. The defendant refused to pay the money, and a jury, after a lengthy, argued the justice charged well all the points involved, the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant—as this is to be inferred, we presume, the learned Alderman is a barber's shop on set holidays.

Sentence Suspended.—The man who brought in the note of 50 dollars, against Ald. J. E. Peters, by Myrtle H. Richards, a lady, residing in the neighborhood of said Peters, for being a candidate for Alderman in the Ninth Ward. The ground of the claim was a decision given by Alderman Peters, in a barber's shop, that he would give five dollars a day for the services of any one who would assist during the canvass; and that the plaintiff, in consequence, did, during eight days, canvass the ward, and called for the money, for which service he claimed the promised per diem. The defendant refused to pay the money, and a jury, after a lengthy, argued the justice charged well all the points involved, the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant—as this is to be inferred, we presume, the learned Alderman is a barber's shop on set holidays.

"Fly," continued Hillman, in a more subdued tone, "the mark of Cain is on them. But stay one moment, and hear me out. I have not been brought to shed it by my own—that young man is my son."

The last appeal was too much for human nature, and Brentwood fell into the arms of death by the lightning of heaven. * * * *

We must draw a veil over the scene that followed. The clouds of forgetfulness ought to forever conceal the meeting of a father and son under such circumstances. In a few words, it may be stated, that supernal assistance restored Brentwood to life and light, and that Hillman might be absolved. By the interference of Hillman, he was saved from encountering even a word from an accuser and judge would have met him in every house from a door. The bolt has been shivered into before him disarmed Hillman, in their first interview after the terrible scene in the American room.

"My soul, loaded as it is—oh! it is blood-less," exclaimed Brentwood.

"My sister!" demanded Hillman.

"You ought to know and have fearfully replied Brentwood. "Oh! guilt—guilt—my unkindness destroyed one who would have passed for an angel; but I did not, could not, be aware of (at present) violence to one so sweet, so unoffending! but I hated—I hated her—and poisoned my children's fountain of life!"

"Stanwood, as then called, flywife, that man of blood! where is he?" demanded Hillman, fiercely. But Stanwood stood transfixed, gazing with horror on the face before him. "Speak, unnatural, double murderer, where is my sister?" But no answer was given

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, May 11, 1833.

JOHN M. BROWN continues to be our Agent at Salem, N. Y.

☞ All persons are cautioned against paying to C. C. KING, (a gentleman traveling about the country,) any subscriptions to the Casket or Saturday Evening Post.

We have on our table, among books, papers and periodicals, a fine lot of green peas. These latter we'd'e come from the garden of Mr. Hugh Haven,—the same gentleman whose hotness we have had occasion to notice in another paragraph. The peas in question, are full grown, and succulent,—and when duly prepared, would satisfy the most capricious taste. Mr. Haven is a regular attendant in our market, and his successful industry ought to be properly rewarded by our citizens.

At no period in the history of our country, has there been exhibited more apparent, and substantial prosperity, than at the present time. Public and private affairs are in the most flourishing condition; and little near what we have to complain of, on the score. This, we believe, is owing, in a very considerable degree, to the peace—through which the capabilities of our resources, and energies, have been developed to the people; education has placed its votaries on the road to preferment and fortune; and the history of the various arts, sciences, and politicians, in the United States, will conclusively show, that it is due only to a proper attention to, and use of, the means which the press affords them, that they rose to distinction.

At the present time, those means are multiplied; and the blessings of peace are extended, and spread in a corresponding ratio. Believing that the subscribers to this paper have made equal advances with their fellow countrymen, we cannot doubt, but that a large majority of us believe the majority to be worthy acceptance exists—would have no objections to extend their reading,—and it can be at little extra expense, scarcely worth mentioning among the ourpose of an industrious handicraftsman, store, or professional man. To such, we would observe, that from the moment of the publisher of this journal, both a daily and a weekly paper—the former at eight, and the latter at four dollars per annum, respectively—would be issued from the office

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity!
Sport that wrinkled care divides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Or a Warning to Drum Drinkers.

The evening was cold and raw;
And by a blazing fire,
To warm his icy cold paws;
His nose, not Cocoline.

A Sparrow at the table stood,
And off he dreamed a day;
And, after tea, he had a tip—
A bottle standing nigh.

Now Cloud was a drinking man,
And most he drank at night;
The work before and every thing—
Except his happy lot.

He thought he was in Paradise,
And that he moved in spirit;
He fancied fountains playing punch,
And every running rill.

But when he seemed to light his pipe,
Which made it clearly spirited,
His alcoholic body was
Spontaneously fired.

The flames soon caught the building, and
Were soon the entire ground—
And in an hour the old Inn lay
Was in ruins on the ground!

The sparrow found a sandy home
A sinking heritage, because
Just nought was found of Cloud; save
Ten ounces and his nose.

PAUL.

Will any of our friends oblige one of our correspondents, by answering the following questions:

1st. What is the main meaning of ill-temper?
2d. What is the most beautiful?
3d. What is good Luck?
4th. What the most constant?
5th. What the truest?
6th. What the strongest?
7th. What the most useful?
8th. What the most difficult?
9th. What the most common?

PAUL.

An Irishman, on a rainy day, was leather-a load of lime, which, during the journey to some place, was wet. It is the law in Ireland to throw up it; finding it increasing, he stopped his cart and poured out a load of water, and exclaimed, "there here, and the devil to you!"

An Irish drummer, whose round and rosy cheeks gave notice that he was not in the habit of starving, was asked, one day, recently, by a stranger, "Pat, how is it that you are so fat, and I so lean?" "Faith, sir," replied Pat, "I never breathe when I speak to a General officer."

The Irish are most sensitive when accusing. One morning, since a man's fellow had been killed in a duel, a dispute that Laurence O'Shaughnessy had declared he would end his existence with his own hand, if he did not discover surely believed the real fourteen would have done, had the fourteen, by a mere chance, not been present at the time.

Character, Instead.—A French gentleman, M. Bonstetten, was in the habit of frequently quoting the wisdom of his forefathers to his son, a young man of fashion, who was ashamed of his ancestry. It appears that twelve years since, the lad's ambition took a violent investment, which he expressed to his tutor that he were resolved to live without income. Long absence followed, and the receipt of a correspondence, and it seemed to be forgotten, when the gentleman, on taking up the paper from his carriage in the place the Versailles, broke his leg. It would naturally be supposed that he would, under such circumstances, receive surgical assistance as expeditiously as possible; but this was not the case. He sent for his son to wait him, and sent to Stuttgart, to an eminent surgeon, to come to him. The surgeon arrived, and set the leg in the shortest possible time. The patient, however, was